

best aspects of our Nation, a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

LANDMINES IN COLOMBIA

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, as someone who has been concerned about the problem of landmines for nearly two decades, I was heartened when every nation in this hemisphere, except, regrettably, the United States and Cuba, joined the Ottawa Treaty banning anti-personnel landmines. Many of them had experienced the human misery and economic hardship that landmines cause. Today most people in Central and South America can walk in safety thanks to the treaty and thanks to the efforts of the Organization of American States, with assistance from the U.S. Government, to remove the mines in those countries.

Today Colombia is the only country in Latin America where landmines are still being used. They are a persistent problem in almost every department, including some of Colombia's richest coffee-growing areas. According to the 2006 Landmine Monitor report, landmines in Colombia claim an average of three new victims a day. Colombia has the third highest incidence of mine victims in the world, behind only Cambodia and Afghanistan.

In Colombia the mines are used by rebel and paramilitary groups, and they are rudimentary in design. They kill or maim whoever comes into contact with them, whether it is a soldier or a young child. Many of the victims live in remote areas, hours or days from any medical services, so there is a high risk of bleeding to death.

Several initiatives are under way to help Colombia's mine victims with artificial limbs and rehabilitation and vocational services. Among them are the Polus Center for Social and Economic Development, the Colombian Coffee Federation, the OAS, Centro Integral de Rehabilitacion de Colombia, the Observatorio de Minas Anti-personnel, and the Colombian organization TECNOVO.

In addition, the Colombian organization United for Colombia has been working on a shoestring budget, and recently with assistance from the U.S. Government, to bring Colombian soldiers who have been grievously injured from landmines to the United States for reconstructive surgery.

I applaud the efforts of organizations that are working to assist victims of landmines in Colombia.

It is tragic that any of this is necessary. Landmines are inhumane, inherently indiscriminate weapons which should be relegated to the dustbin of history. The FARC rebels and AUC paramilitaries who use mines should be condemned. The use of these weapons is a gross violation of human rights and a crime against humanity.

On December 3, 2007, the world will mark the 10th anniversary of the signing of the Ottawa Treaty. Great progress has been made during the past

decade in ridding the world of landmines. Let us hope that those who continue to insist on their right to use these indiscriminate weapons—in Colombia and in other parts of the world including the United States—will finally recognize that too often their victims are innocent people and that this cannot be justified.

FIGHTING MALARIA

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, earlier this year, the widely read, widely respected Sports Illustrated columnist Rick Reilly launched his Nothing But Nets campaign after learning that thousands of Africans—including about 3000 children—die each day from malaria and that simple mosquito netting could save many of these lives.

When I saw recently that his readers had kicked in more than \$1.2 million for this effort—enough to buy 150,000 nets—I had to give that dollar total a double-take before it sunk in. His campaign has collected enough to buy thousands and thousands of nets, enough to save thousands and thousands of lives. Those nets, distributed by the United Nations Foundation and the World Health Organization, already are accomplishing that.

What Rick Reilly's crusade shows is that if you give Americans a clear and worthy goal, just about anything is possible.

Government and private relief agencies should be taking notes—and a lesson—from Rick Reilly. There are so many other devastating diseases that we could control or even conquer, if we summon the will.

I ask unanimous consent that Rick Reilly's column about this project be printed in the RECORD. There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD.

[Sports Illustrated, Nov. 28, 2006]

NOTHING BUT THANKS

(By Rick Reilly)

Seven months ago you and I found out that each day 3,000 African children die of malaria for the very sad reason that they can't afford mosquito nets over their beds. Didn't seem right to us. Sports is nothing but nets—lacrosse nets, cutting down the nets, New Jersey Nets. So SI started the Nothing But Nets campaign. Doctors guaranteed that if you sent in \$20, you'd save at least one kid's life, probably two.

It was the alltime no-brainer. Skip lunch; save a life. Buy the Top-Flites instead of the Titleists; save a life. Don't bet on the Redskins; save a life. Nothing to research. No government to topple. No warlords to fight.

Bless your little hearts, all 17,000-plus of you who chipped in more than \$1.2 million—enough to buy 150,000 nets, which the United Nations Foundation and the World Health Organization started hanging all over Nigeria, where kids younger than five are getting murdered by mosquitoes that come out only at night.

I know, because I saw the nets. Just got back. Feel a little bad about going without you. After all, it was your money. So let's pretend it was you who made the trip, not me.

Remember? Everywhere you went, people mistook you for King Tut. Women got down

on their knees and kissed your hand. Whole towns threw festivals. The king in every ward summoned you to his one-room, one-lightbulb palace. One pointed his horsehair scepter at you and pronounced, "Thank you for dee nets. All my wives use dem!" Turns out he has four wives and 23 kids, and they're all under the nets, which is a good thing because the open sewer that runs right outside his shack is a kind of one-stop malaria center.

Everywhere you went, 40 people followed: doctors and nurses and random government suits and guards with AK-47s and vice-kings. You rode in an eight-truck caravan past unimaginable squalor, vans on fire and guys selling caskets on the street—a very good business in Nigeria, where the average life span is 47. And every time you opened your car door, two drummers beat a skull-busting welcome. You'd pull into a school, and the principal would hang a ribbon around your neck and say something you couldn't hear. "What?" you'd holler over the drums.

"We humbly fumalk apoplia!"

And you'd shrug, and he'd gesture to the 200 kids behind him, who were chanting something over and over, their faces beaming. Later you'd find out it was, "Thank you, white person!"

And they'd play a soccer game in your honor that featured nine-year-olds who played like 14-year-olds in the U.S., on fields full of weeds and trash, with goals made of tree branches. In three games the closest thing you saw to a boy with shoes was a set of brothers who wore one sock each.

And they'd hand you the mike, and you'd try to say how blown away you were and how you wished you could raise 100 times more in donations, because already one hospital in Nigeria is saying that since the nets went up, outpatient cases of malaria have dropped from 80 a month to 50. But they'd all put their hands to their ears and go, "What?"

When you bribed the drummers into taking a union break, you finally met the people you'll never forget: the mothers. Turns out they're nothing but nuts about the nets. In fact, so many mothers want the nets that to get one, the World Health Organization requires them to bring their kids in for a measles vaccination. How often do you get two for one on diseases?

You met a mother who walked half a day to get a net. You met a woman who sleeps with her four kids under her net, maybe because she knows that three out of every 10 child deaths in Nigeria are from malaria.

In the fetid slums of Lagos you met a woman named Shifawu Abbas who's had malaria twice. "Everybody wants the nets here, everybody!" she said, beaming. "My sister visited from the country and tried to steal it from me!"

Still, as you were climbing back into your air-conditioned SUV, she yanked back your hand and begged, "Please? Can I come with you?"

Sorry, you said.

On the last day you met Noimot Bakare, a mother whose youngest child died of malaria. She was so grateful that she trembled as she spoke. "Malaria is killing our children," she said, holding her toddler. "There is so much need here. God will bless you for the work you are doing."

Please go to NothingButNets.net and keep it up.

For that, we humbly fumalk apoplia.

INDIAN GAMING LEGISLATION

• Mr. MCCAIN. The 109th Congress ends with many missed opportunities, and among them is the opportunity to enact necessary amendments to the Indian Gaming Regulatory Act, IGRA.